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NEW MENTOS SUGARFREE



SAVE YOUR MOUTH FOR MENTOS

³ —Adrian Benson, *NYTimes.com*.

As a cancer patient, I read your cover package about the latest drugs ("The new cancer-fighters," Jan. 31) with great interest. It's only here that the high-cost side of the health-care system and employee medical plans of some drugs involved in today's high-tech world of oncology I recently required a simple injection to boost my white blood-cell count, and the cost to my insurer for a syringe containing 0.6 mL, was \$3,141.59. No wonder insurance plan premiums are skyrocketing. As we embrace these new cancer-fighting advances, we must accept that to pay for them requires big bucks.

Kenneth Matthews, Publisher, C&EN

One of the statisticians in your article, one of those being treated with "side wonder drug" Glivec. The first time I was diagnosed with cancer, I had radical surgery. About a year later, I had a recurrence of the same cancer. This time, surgery would have necessarily been more radical, and the oncologist and surgeon both recommended treatment with Glivec instead. More than a year later, the cancer is still being managed with Glivec at the cost of \$3,500 per month, which translates to covered by private insurance and by the Ontario government's Trillium Drug Program. But there are also hidden costs: Glivec is not compatible with some medications, and in the past year I have been inhibited from using Lipitor for high cholesterol, Tylenol for pain (which means I have no alternative, since I am allergic to ibuprofen and Aspirin) and all medicines (when I travel overseas for work). Another significant, unseen cost is the emotional stress and frustration caused by the need to pay for expensive drugs out of the inevitable mass of regulations and paperwork before I can receive them. Still, I sometimes wonder where I would be today without Glivec. Despite the frustrations, and though we may not yet have a cure, I am able to live with my cancer.

John Wilson, *Administrative Aid*

I intended to see the movie *Motel Rwanda*, thinking it might shed more light on the experiences of Lt.-Gen. Romeo Dallaire (The Mackle's interview, Jun. 24). But it seems the powers that be in *La-La Land* find facts less than useful. Dallaire need not feel too badly at being ignored by Nick Nabe or anyone else attempting to promote his character. We treasure our heroes, despite the ignorance of the movie masses.

Barbacoa, Feast, Understony, Out

As executive producer of *Hotel Rwanda*, like *La Gata*, Dullien I feel slighted. Your movie reviewer Brian D. Johnson constructs an

Two-tall, funny-as-hell Roger Clarke got some inspiration from a six-foot-three know-nothing reader on his site. IT Over to You, "It's a long 'What Shorley?'" Whore-national volleyball team member Emily Gordon: "I dream of acting, but I'd be so loud as a planet. Your article brought a smile to my face and even hope for my future" after the 2005 Olympics, that is.

in-service. In *Dullsville* on the occasion that Nick Nolte portrays lives in our film. It is simply not true. Like Nolte, ardent Josephine Phoenix, Cam Seymour and David O'Hair all portray composite characters with fictitious names. The point of the composition is to focus the narrative on the personal struggle of the film's subject, Paul Rassebagger, and his family. Judging from the awards and overwhelming audience response, the film does this to great effect. The story of the overwhelming failure of the West to respond to the economic in Rassebagger does not add again and again, as do the stories of these heroes like *Dullsville* and *Rassebagger*. If you find it distracting and counterproductive that our film show the latter incarnated for what it doesn't see about the former.

Martin Katz, president, Pioneer Pictures, Toronto

He surmised that Peter G. Newman is among the claims of Canada's big bankers and others concerned with the benefits of bank mergers ("big five, small players," Jan. 16). Every study he concluded that banks in that Canada are not, not more, efficient, but large; but to provide more service and that profitability, not size, is key to a bank's success. Canada's big banks are the most profitable in the world, in part because Citicorp has allowed them to place branches across the country and elsewhere to allow them to gorge Canadians with excessive service charges and credit card interest rates as well as with corporate loan rates. Bank-investment company mergers, which Newman seems to promote, also have to be treated carefully, as the capital bases of banks and insurance companies are very different and, when they are mixed, the risk of failure of the whole financial institution increases. Has the very saga of Citicorp's Ontario Life been a warning already? If Canada allows mergers without increasing accountability, it will permit financial institutions to grab power with no guarantee they will use better.

Gull Comacher, co-ordinator of Democracy Watch and chairperson of the Canadian Community Rejuvenation Coalition, Ottawa

Your Environment article "Will coal bury Kyoto" in the Jan 17 issue was very informative, but omitted any discussion of one non-polluting option—namely CANDU

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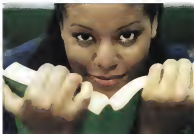
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QUEST FOR EXCELLENCE

Canada's future hinges on educational excellence. And to learn which of the 36,000 elementary and secondary schools in the public and Catholic systems are tops, Maclean's and Today's Parent are preparing another special report. "As with last year's study, this isn't a ranking but a showcase for the really good schools," says Maclean's Associate Editor Sue Ferguson, a member of the "great schools" team.

Schools are judged on a variety of criteria: teacher quality; principal's leadership skills; parent and community involvement; school environment; academic excellence; and addressing the needs of special communities.

You can have your say by sending us your nominations. Visit macleans.ca (for high schools) and todayparent.com (for elementary and middle schools). Or write us with the name, address and phone number of the school you're nominating. Include the principal's name and a brief summary, including specific examples, of why you think it's exceptional.

Fox secondary school nominations to: 416-764-1600 (attention: Sue Ferguson) or mail them to Maclean's Great Schools Project, One Mount Pleasant Rd., Toronto, ON, M4Y 2Y5. Fox elementary and middle school nominations to: 416-764-2881 (attention: Sarah Moore) or mail them to Today's Parent Great Schools Project, One Mount Pleasant Rd., Toronto, ON, M4Y 2Y5.

The response to last year's school package was exceptional, says Maclean's Editor Anthony Wilson-Smith. "Parents are hungry for substantive information as to how their children's education measures up against their peers across the country."

Adds Linda Lewis, editor-in-chief of Today's Parent: "What's most rewarding about the project is how parents and educators get inspired by positive examples of what great schools are doing, and try to implement these ideas at their own children's schools."

The results will appear in Maclean's and Today's Parent in early August. But don't delay: nominations close March 7.

Help shape what's inside Maclean's by registering as a member of the Maclean's Advisory Panel at www.macleans.ca/ap. For further information about this article, contact behindthescenes@macleans.ca.

UPFRONT

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Snowbirds | A pilot's tale: life and death in the sky

Pilot Chuck Mallitt isn't sure how he survived. The fellow Snowbird, Capt. Miles Selby, 31, died instantly during a routine cross-country jump over his Toronto, Ontario, home on March 13, 2004, in a clear, sunny day just two weeks before Christmas. In his final public account of the incident, following the release of an interim report by investigators, Mallitt recalled hearing through a friend that he had been killed. He grabbed for the cockpit door, only to find it had been ripped away with one of the rest of his plane, leaving him stuck in a free-falling seat. "Ironic," he said, of those critical seconds when he plummeted toward Earth, "it seemed to slow down."

Mallitt (above) says the Snowbirds have dedicated the 2005 season to Selby, his friend for more than 13 years.

The 35-year-old Mallitt believes he's done the loop at least 200 times. He credits his survival to good training and luck. In fact, his parachute wouldn't open at first because he was still strapped in the seat. But when he finally undid the lap belt, the chute deployed just seconds before he hit the ground. For the Snowbirds, this was the fifth fatal mishap in their nearly 35 years of aerobics. Investigators appear to have ruled out the aging planes as a contributor, and are focusing on procedure and "human factors" for their final report.

Quote of the week | "What if you could say to an addict: for the next little while you're not going to have to get your drugs from Al Capone. You can get your drugs from Marcus Welby." Vancouver's Dr. MARTIN SCHUCHTER on the plan to supply addicts with free heroin to stop them from seeking or becoming prostitutes

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winning. Should? You
don't need them.

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LASTING
Each day newspapers
caught up in a frenzy
new development,
then they die to death.
Might be busy if it
wasn't for bringing.
Give marriage? Good
because no. Cathy
freely interest
living on the comic
pages after 20 years
of insecure single
hood. Now, can
they both, please,
start up?

Mansbridge on the Record



JUST ANOTHER JOE?

Martin's government could topple over the coming budget—just ask Joe Clark

IT WAS A NIGHT on September Dec. 13, 1999, the beginning of the final hours for Canada's last minority government. At issue was John Cusack's budget and his proposal for a new 16-cent-a-gallon (remember that?) gas tax. Would the House of Commons give its approval? Prime Minister Joe Clark thought yes, convinced that the opposition Liberals were in disarray, having just experienced the resignation of their leader, Pierre Trudeau.

But the mood in the corridors that week told a different story. Liberals were talking a good game, fuelled by the holiday spirit. The night before the crucial vote, they paraded long and hard at their annual Christmas celebration, and the predictions of what might happen got more convincing by the hour, certainly by the bottle. Twenty-four hours later, even Clark and his most senior ministers had figured it out—they "didn't have the numbers," as they say in minority governments. Some of their own members were away, and the six members of Quebec's Créditiste party, supposedly in the Tories' back pocket, weren't answering their phones. By the time the counting was done, the Clark era was effectively over. "I'll never forget the look of shock on the faces of those flung out of the Commons that night."

Which brings us to the present and an other minority government's first budget, due on Feb. 23. And guess what? There's lots of bold talk about what the opposition parties want to see in Ralph Goodale's budget. The Blue-Quebecers seem to consider it as a base that is fairly no

risk undertaking; the government. The NDP says it will only support a budget that reflects an economic "sound bite," but can the NDP afford an election when it's still trying to understand why things didn't go better last year? The Conservatives have the clout to cause real trouble, and they look glibly at the prospect. They feel they have the government on the rag and divided as never before, and that time alone could mean the difference between winning and losing.

Finally, there's the Liberals and their leader, who has had the worst early press of any prime minister since, you guessed it, Joe Clark. Given Paul Martin concedes he's had problems managing issues, but you have to wonder whether the same writers who had him walking on water before he got into the Prime Minister's Office see now just as over the top in suggesting he can't walk on land. (The polls, however, show the Liberals with a healthy lead, for whatever that's worth.) Clark could have prevented a budget deficit. He could have told Cusack it was crazy to propose a whopping gas increase in a minority climate. But he didn't. Even after the vote, he would have withdrawn the budget. But he didn't. Instead he honoured the tradition of calling an election.

Perhaps, though, there was another reason some Tories left the Commons that night: convinced the Liberals had blundered, and that like John Diefenbaker's minority government, which was forced into an election in 1958, the Tories would be re-elected with a massive majority. But history didn't repeat itself, and the Liberals, with the comeback led Trudeau at the helm, looked pretty smart for all their plotting and scheming. So, if plots and schemes are at work again a quarter of a century later, who's smart? Who's? We'll be about to find out.

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television News and Anchor of the National Television Letter Columnists.

FaceTime

Probation Adam Tremblay isn't going to prison, or be deported from the U.S., for the tragic crash that took the life of friend and teammate Dan Snyder in September 2003. In a negotiated plea, Tremblay, 24, pleaded guilty to four of six charges, including



second-degree vehicular homicide. He was given three years' probation and is not allowed to drive except to work or for essential.

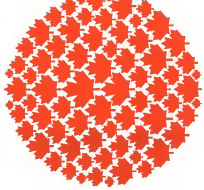


Still, 33. And even four months out, this anonymous Sri Lankan had become an international symbol of tsunami anguish when he was found under a pile of debris and rushed to hospital the day the giant waves struck. Nine couples came forward to claim him,

but only one, Arlene and Manjula, kept insisting on him. They filed a formal legal claim. To settle the matter, a judge ordered DNA tests. But the distraught couple couldn't wait—they stormed the hospital and tried to snatch the child, creating a riot that resulted in their arrest.



did similar charges in 1993, but the family involved there also filed a civil suit against Jackson. When that was settled, the boy refused to testify in criminal proceedings.



WORLD



AILING Felled by the flu, Pope John Paul II was expected to spend a week in hospital to gain his strength back, Church officials said. Catholics all over the world held weeks for the frail

84-year old porttill who also suffers from severe arthritis and Parkinson's disease. The reason for his hospitalization—a swelling in the larynx that made it difficult for him to breathe—was said to have ended

MSAD-COW Four years after discovering its first case of mad cow disease in cattle, Japan conferred its first human victim of the brain-wasting ailment. An autopsy confirmed the unidentified man died of variant Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease.

NEPAL. Troubled by an unyielding Maoist insurrection in his Himalayan kingdom, King Gyanendra sacked and jailed government leaders, cut off communications with the rest of the world and awarded himself absolute authority for the next three

years. Gyaniendra said his immediate priority is to negotiate peace with the rebels, and threatened stepping up military action if they won't come to the table. Nepal has had 13 prime ministers in the past 14 years.

WMD—Citing a secret security report, a senior lawmaker in Ukraine said the previous government in Kiev sold 12 nuclear-capable cruise missiles to Iran and China between 1999 and 2004.

Meanwhile, a US analysis of Libya's surrendered nuclear material suggested the enriched uranium came from North Korea. That raised the question of which other countries or organisations the secretive state may have sold bomb-making material to.

GEORGIA Zviad Gelasvili, the Georgian prime minister who helped topple the authoritarian regime of former Soviet power broker Eduard Shevardnadze in November 2003, died under mysterious circumstances. He was found dead of carbon monoxide poisoning, apparently from a gas leak from a heater, in the bathroom of a solitary villa.

AMERICANA Nearly half (46.2 percent) of personal bankruptcies in the U.S. are the result of medical bills brought on by chronic illnesses or accidents, according to a Harvard

University study: Most cases involved people who had some medical insurance. But it either lapsed when they lost their jobs or did not cover costs, such as physiotherapy, that eventually drained their pocketbooks.

IRA in what could end almost two years of power sharing talks in Northern Ireland, the IRA withdrew its offer to give up its weapons. The change of heart comes as the militant group is being widely blamed for pulling off a spectacular bank robbery in Belfast in December, a charge it denies.

WINTER is a split decision, two of four meteorologically needed groundhogs Punxsutawney Phil in Pennsylvania and Shubenubutle Sherman in Nova Scotia—saw their shadow on Feb. 2, an indication there will be six more weeks of winter. But Ontario's Wharfedale Willie and Alberta's Balzac Billy are predicting an early spring.

HEALTH

SHAGGING On average, cigarette smoking cut 11 years from a woman's life expectancy, compared to only three for a man's, Dutch researchers found. They also said that women who died from lung cancer tended to be younger than men who died from the same



PIGGYBACK

The firing couldn't have been accidental. As the first-class 747's Chacoport was transferred to the Halifax dockmaster's ship, a Norwegian carrier, Canada's top lawyers entered a second, hurried look at what happened that fateful October day when a plane was killed. To be fully documented, why both Canada's former justices were present at the same time during a rapid release lifting in one winter that shored high-velocity of crises in the control room, until that is turned out. In four of Canada's reconditioned British ships remain tied up at the Halifax wharf.



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UPFRONT

disease, buttressing their claim that smoking is more harmful to women.

DIAPYTES A Japanese woman had part of her pancreas removed to treat her producing cells, cells could then be removed and transplanted into her severely diabetic daughter. A next step in the groundbreaking Edmonton protocol for treating the disease, the surgery shows compatible living donors can be a source of cells for type 1 diabetics, raising the chance of a source of living donors.

CELLPHONES Using a simulator, University of Utah researchers found that young drivers aged 18 to 25 talking on a cellphone had the same reaction time as seniors 65 to 74.

CANADA

BANK RAID The RCMP pulled up in front of the Bank of Nova Scotia's Toronto head quarters with nearly 25 officers and a dozen vehicles to execute a search warrant. The Maritimes are investigating fraud charges against Royal Group Technologies Ltd. of Woodbridge, Ont., a long-time Scotiabank customer. The raid stemmed from a legal standoff in which the bank was withholding certain documents, denying judicial client privilege.

CRASH New York authorities charged the 24-year-old St. Thomas, Ont., driver of a tour bus with making an unsafe lane change and falsifying his log book following a horrific crash that claimed four lives, including the coach of the Windsor Wildcats women's hockey team and his 13-year-old son. The driver has strongly denied police suggestions that he fell asleep at the wheel on the highway near Rochester. He said he struck



CRIME SCENE The discovery of over two dozen dead and maimed birds in woods just north of Vancouver shocked area residents. The battery is believed to be the work of poachers—a large wing feather can sell for \$100 on the black market.

and falsifying his log book following a horrific crash that claimed four lives, including the coach of the Windsor Wildcats women's hockey team and his 13-year-old son. The driver has strongly denied police suggestions that he fell asleep at the wheel on the highway near Rochester. He said he struck

something that caused him to veer into a tractor-trailer parked under an overpass.

SLEUTHING Toronto investigators published crime scene photos in newspapers and on the Internet of a hotel room and lost tab extracted from online porn sites. The room was where a young girl of about nine had been sexually abused, perhaps by a relative. Within a day there were enough tips that police narrowed the site to a hotel in the southern U.S., but police feel the child lives elsewhere, based on other evidence.

BRANDS Toronto's landmark SkyDome, the baseball and football stadium with the retractable roof, has been renamed the Rogers Centre. Cable magnate Ted Rogers, who bought the facility recently for \$25 million, promises a number of upgrades, plus a bigger payroll for his Toronto Blue Jays.

GARBAGE Alberta became the first province to charge on electronics recycling fee. The levy will add up to \$45 to the cost of new TVs and \$12 to computers so the province can reclaim dangerous substances from the devices before they end up in landfills.

LONGEVITY The Bible gives you three score and ten. But if you're Canadian, life expectancy is now 79.5 years, the ninth highest in the world. Canada's range is a high of 83.4 years in immigrant-rich Richmond, B.C. (higher than the Japanese national average of 81.4 years), and a low of 66.7 years among natives in northern Quebec.



Mary Janigan | ON THE ISSUES



THE ENERGY PAYOFF

Martin may parlay Bush's desire for oil security into freer trade across the border

IT TAKES a lot about the governing Liberals' diplomatic inertia that the hottest buzzwords in chilly Ottawa are now "aggressive mercantilism," "The Americans, you see, like big ideas. Chatter about extreme regulatory regimes for goods such as consumer puts them to sleep. Canadians, however, are far happier with small ideas. We don't want a complicated customs union with the U.S., we just want a handle for border. So when outgoing U.S. ambassador Paul Cellucci referred last month to "energy security" and "continued integration of the North American energy market," official Ottawa had nothing but plaudits to muster.

What's up? This U.S. afair sounds vaguely threatening. But there's not a lot more we can offer the Americans in terms of energy security—if only because we have already provided it. Anyway, we would prefer to talk about energy security, which would include unchained U.S. access to our refined barrel exports. But the energy notion has captured the Americans' fancy—if only because of their dangerous reliance on Middle East oil and their concern about China's growing competitiveness. So in return of a far bigger package, U.S. and Canadian officials have been chatting quietly for months about everything from regulatory harmonization to energy supply.

So far, so good. Then the Bush administration publicly called for deeper economic ties with Canada and Mexico last month. That put Paul Martin in a very public spot. Martin's challenge is to offer energy security to the Americans as one small part of a package that would

resolve resource and border disputes. The PM must also reassure Canadians that this is more tinkering: that it is so minor it can be done without formally renegotiating the North American Free Trade Agreement. "Energy security is a huge concern for the Americans," says an insider. "It is not a big deal for us—because there isn't a heck of a lot more we can do. But if the appeal of this idea gets them to the table."

The two countries are thoroughly intertwined: we supply 17 per cent of America's natural gas imports and nine per cent of its oil and refined petroleum intake. Both are part of the 26-nation International Energy Agency, an industrialized members are pledged to pool supplies in emergencies. As well, under NAFTA, the U.S. has even more security: Ottawa can only stay open the energy export if it also applies them to domestic uses, and it can only cut exports if it cuts domestic sales by the same proportion.

What more can we do? Janigan says we could double incentives to increase domestic oil production which would then be available for export; that is, reduce the tax and regulatory burden in that sector. But nothing, any government does could bring big projects like heavy oil extraction into production much sooner. And no one wants to move so quickly that environmental considerations such as the safety of proposed liquefied natural gas terminals are ignored.

"I don't know what an energy security pact could do. We want to sell them everything we can now anyway," says Bill Dymond, senior fellow at the Ottawa-based Centre for Trade Policy and Law. "Development of energy is a process that runs in both countries. This may be a big deal to the U.S., but it requires no change in Canadian policy."

So, relief: Energy really is a small idea tucked out in big market deals.

Mary Janigan is a political and policy writer. Her e-mail is mjanigan@canadianpress.com.

Passages

DIED Don Lee, a Montreal-born animator, designed the lead character in *Pinocchio*. News and was a driving force in other animated hits at Pixar. A non-smoker, he died of lung cancer at 35.

DIED He was the Trudeau justice minister who led the fight to abolish capital punishment. Atrial, whirlwind of a lawyer, Ron Bedford introduced the metric system and the humane eight-hour workday of equal pay for work of equal value. He died of a heart attack at his home near St. Catharines, B.C., at 72.

DEPORTED Harjit Singh, the Brampton, Ont., printer whose allegations of favoritism led to the resignation of former immigration minister Judy Sigafoos, was deported after 17 years in Canada on a visitor's visa. A Federal Court judge said he didn't believe Singh's story about Sigafoos.

DIED With his postmarked face, John Vernon made a great movie villain, but some Canadians remember him better as Wojcik, the crumpling corner in the 1980s CBC series *The Reginald Owen*, 72, died at his L.A. home after heart surgery.

DIED Actor Jonathan Wicks played one of the first openly gay characters on the '80s TV series *ER*. He died at his Berkeley, Calif., home after a brief illness at 57.

APPOINTED Former U.S. president Bill Clinton, 58, will be the UN's special envoy for tsunami relief. Participation in peace talks with Indonesian or Sri Lankan rebels is not expected to be part of this role.

DIED Max Schmeling, 99, the German boxing legend who split one politically charged bout with American Joe Louis in the years before the Second World War, died near Hamburg, Germany.

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Same-sex marriage | PAUL MARTIN'S PRIEST

'IF THERE IS NO PLACE FOR THE SINNER, THERE IS NO PLACE FOR ME'

THE CIVIL MARRIAGE ACT, introduced by the Liberals last week, would permit the "lawful union of two persons" but not oblige religious groups to marry gay couples. And yet, the debate rages, dividing communities, parishes, even congregations. In the Roman Catholic church that Prime Minister Paul Martin attends—St. John the Evangelist, in his Montreal riding of LaSalle—Father John Walsh, 63, sees his parish rocked by spiritual turbulence. He also has a unique view of the issue's effect on his most prominent congregation:

How do you define marriage?

When I first began to study marriage, its purpose was procreation, education of children, and allowing people to get rid of their sins together. Then Vatican II [reform council] opened us to new meanings of marriage. We still had procreation and education of children, but now the Church tells couples they're creating a community of love.

So how does that definition apply to same-sex couples?

The Church has always considered the homosexual act as intrinsically evil. A same-sex marriage allows two people to come together in a useful condition. But my responsibility as a priest is to educate people on so what we see as the value of marriage, not to impose one definition on anybody.

How would legislating same-sex marriage change things for the Catholic Church?

The Church, believe me, has made great strides to be able to welcome gays and lesbians. If there's no place for the sinner in church, there's no place for me. But the debate has become confrontational rather than conversational, and that I find a very sad situation. The Church is divided, Canadians are divided. And yet, bringing forth the issue from the point of view of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms shows integrity on the part of the Prime Minister.

What effect has this debate had on him?

I've been here five years, and he comes every year for the St. Patrick's Day parade, and we walk together for a couple of hours. But I really couldn't tell you. I know that the Prime Minister is a practicing Catholic.

In this divide, which side are you on?

I find it difficult to come down on one side. We speak of family as being a man, a woman, two children and a girl, you know? Well, there are more family models today than there have ever been. We have single-parent families. We have reconstructed and blended families. How does that mitigate same-sex marriage? Well, we're new at it. We're scared this is going to take our culture upside down. But we thought that about women, I'd rather be inclusive than exclusive, but there are members of the Church who work from a sense of fear, a difficult attitude.

What would you say if a gay couple came to you and asked you to marry them?

They haven't asked me yet. When they come from me, I'm going to have to sit down and do a lot of soul-searching.

What have you come up with so far?

Jesus says, "Go out and love God with your whole heart," and I've met people who are gay who love God with their whole heart. Love your neighbour—they do it extremely well. These are obvious contradictions, the bulk of argument which I hope we make all our decisions.

It sounds like you're leaning toward yes.

I'm not. I've left it open.

What is your congregation telling you?

The spectrum is healthy for Canadians to be in this debate. DAVID HAMILTON

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LE PETIT GARS STRIKES

Jean Chrétien has never backed down. He'll come out swinging at the Gomery inquiry, says PAUL WELLS.

FROM THE MOMENT it was announced a year ago, the Gomery commission of inquiry into rampant abuse of sponsorship programs seemed custom designed to reveal the worst aspects of Jean Chrétien's tenure as prime minister. Which made it all the more surprising that—before Chrétien even takes the stand this week to explain his role in the program—a pair of high-profile personalities spent last week trying hard to get on his good side.

First came John Gomery himself. The sober-sided judge had permitted himself to deliver a few casual observations to reporters before Christmas, including his belief that an allowing taxpayer-funded golf balls to bear Chrétien's signature, the former prime minister was being "small-town cheap."

Big mistake. David Scott, Chrétien's lawyer, called for Gomery to step down over this

and other perceived sins. Gomery declined, but he was uncharacteristically contrite as he said so. Calling his words "ill advised and inappropriate," Gomery added, "I very much regret this destruction." Scott promptly warned reporters that Gomery's mea culpa might not be enough. Scott has a month to decide whether to appeal Gomery's decision to Federal Court and is considering the option, he said.

Suddenly, on the eve of getting Chrétien into a witness box, Gomery fired himself in a box of his own. Suddenly, Paul Martin was oddly eager to say nice things about Jean Chrétien. Mere hours after Gomery's performance, Martin rose in the House of Commons, in reply to a question from Conservative MP Peter Mackay, and delivered an ode to Chrétien that had little to do with Mackay's question—and a lot to do with how fiercely Martin's old foe has pushed his advantage at the Gomery inquiry. "Let us look at what we had in common," Martin said. "The elimination of the deficit, the creation of the national child benefit. Who was the person who said that we would not send troops into Iraq?" Yes, Mr. Speaker, I am very proud of what the last government did."

Previously, Chrétien's association with Martin is perfunctory late in publicly acknowledging the virtues of the government in which he laboured as finance minister for close to nine years. They acknowledge that auditor general Sheila Fraser's examination of the sponsorship program turned up troubling allegations, but they see a dose of petty vindictiveness in Martin's response—steering up the commission—that still makes many of them very angry indeed. And they say Chrétien has approached his defense with the meticulous care and timely purpose that made him a dangerous adversary to political opponents for 40 years.

"There's an old saying that generals are best equipped to fight the last war," says Chrétien's spokesman. "The long-term Chrétien advocated. The guy around Martin had pretty much demonstrated that there was no danger, and steadily increasing advantage, in blaming the government for everything that went wrong. It was only when the momentum took a scissor to Martin in that first disastrous election [the day Fraser delivered her report, when a hapless Martin claimed, "I have no idea what was going on here"] that they realized they were now the government. And they had misjudged horribly."



Gomery was contrite, but Martin had some belatedly nice things to say.

Frantically coming about face at all corners, Martin made a further mistake that, sources say, only made Chrétien angrier. In his two comments, Martin said the preserving national unity—Chrétien's favorite explanation for the creation of the Quebec-controlled sponsorship function—could not justify "the wild breaking of the rules and law."

Chrétien and his closest allies, former policy adviser Eddie Goldenberg and former campaign strategist John Ilex, were "absolutely outraged," the long-time Chrétien associate says. Former officials in the Chrétien government spontaneously phoned Chrétien's office at the law firm



Morison Blitok, to offer a quick response. "We were drafting statements for Chrétien to deliver that could conceivably have ended with the words, 'and so I have contacted my lawyers.'"

The inquesting Chrétien soon decided to refrain from such an extraordinary step. Immediate does not equal action against Martin. But sources say Chrétien has followed the Gomery proceedings closely and that he consults regularly with Scott, Goldenberg, his former chief of staff Jean Pelletier, and a broader network of friends and former employees as he prepares to take the witness stand this week.

When Chrétien finally did decide to join his legal team on the offensive, it was because of Gomery's loose-lipped pre-Christmas statements, says another former associate

To Chrétien, the interview suggested a pay justice that needed correcting, either by an act of contrition on Gomery's part or by replacing Gomery.

Sources say Chrétien's testimony will attempt to provide what one called "the one thing that's been missing from this huge inquiry: context." That context, of course, is the national sorry crime that Chrétien inherited and which fueled, he

plans to argue, at least until Lucien Bouchard resigned as premier of Quebec in January 2001. The sponsorship program, Chrétien will maintain, was one part of a broad set of policies designed to take the fight to Quebec separatists. And as he has already shown Gomery, Chrétien spurs no effort when he's in a fight.

And what prompted Martin's belated declaration of grudge in his association with Chrétien? Martin will testify after Chrétien does—and among the lawyers who will have the right to cross-examine the sitting Prime Minister is David Scott, Chrétien's man. Not Chrétien's advisers protest, that this is a grudge match. "He's not doing this to get Martin," one said. "That's ridiculous. He's not making up a right to worrying about what it does to Martin either."

CHRÉTIEN has approached his defence with the care and steely purpose that have always made him dangerous

SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF BAGHDAD, the road to democracy seems to lose its way. Still, after you've left behind the govt-run streets of the post-election Iraqi capital, the highway becomes a dirt track snaking through the verdant farmlands between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, running parallel to ancient canal networks and post-modern farmhouses that look as if they have grown right out of the land. This is rural Iraq, where democracy faces a real test. But with Iraq's first multi-party election in decades under

into the literary books, it's through places like this, in the Sunni Arab heartland, that the road to democratic governance must go through. Here the Little and Mahadiah, which have become, for all intents and purposes, no-go zones for foreigners and the foreign ideas they bring with them. The area is rife with anti-coalition fighters. Roadside bombs and ambushes are almost daily events. Here is where kidnappers are out in full force, the opportunists who expose their own face with dollar signs. It's big business these days.

Confronting the anarchy in the Sunni regions of Iraq is one of the bigger challenges facing any incoming government. Will the outcome of the Jan. 30 election unite or divide? The civil tensions seem to point to the latter, with Shi'a parties supported by Ayatollah Ali al-Sayid's pound for a landslide victory, at the expense of the Sunni minority who largely stayed away from the polls at the behest of their leaders. Framing the vote is a moment of triumph.

It is in our nature to fight. When we become too old, then our children will take over." Only a handful of the 15,000 or so Shi'a tens of Little and Mahadiah, says Mahadiah. "But the low turnout had nothing to do with fear, or the boycott by the Sunni clerics," he adds. "These are poor farmers—they don't care who leads the country as long as they are left alone to their traditions." The presence of foreign troops on their land is an affront to the tribal codes of the locals. And democracy will not change that, the Shi'a insist—only a withdrawal of foreign troops.

As afternoon prayers come to a close, other members of the town council arrive on the front yard of the clerk's home and sit on lawn chairs. The council's office was leveled two months ago during fighting between insurgents and U.S. troops, so meetings are now held here, with army dogs for an audience. No one seems especially interested in what the election results will mean. Misgiving is the dilemma of how to acquire suitable farming implements. But



Many Sunnis ignored their clerics and did not mark a ballot.

"There were some Sunnis across north of Baghdad that did not receive voter registration cards," says Mo'ayyad al-Adhali, the imam at the Abu Minfih mosque in Al-Amara. "So even the Sunnis who want to vote couldn't." (An announcement by the Iraqi Electoral Commission last week confirmed that the draconian security measures on election day may have prevented tens of thousands of voters from casting their ballots in various provinces around the country.)

The Sunni clerics' association now says it is willing to work with the new government, on the condition that it be considered only consultative and its powers limited, especially in the drafting of a new constitution. At the Abu Minfih mosque, the most revered Sunni institution in Baghdad, located at the foot of the al Azzam bridge on the west bank of the Tigris opposite the predominantly Shi'a district of Khadimiyah, Imam al-

Adhali accuses the Shi'a leadership of following a Baathist-style program that places sectarian interests ahead of national unity. Sunnis say they will not accept an executive controlled

by Shi'a. Shi'a counter that Sunnis must abide by the decisions of the elected National Assembly, the first task of which will be choosing that executive.

Other political jockeying is also underway. Among the various party leaders, vying for power began even before the ballots were counted. Jalal Talabani, leader of the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan, insists that a Kurd (meaning of course himself) must be appointed as their president or prime minister. Ahmed Chalabi, the discredited former darling of the CIA who ran under the Shi'a coalition, has made it clear he wants to be prime minister. But in places like Little, no one seems interested in these power struggles—they have more pressing issues.

"Who cares who leads the government," declares Mahadiah. "We have fighters flooding into the towns and fields from all over Iraq and we can't control them." As a stray dog ambles through the yard, the clerk's grandchild plays with sticks and lets them off into the potato fields. "You can go on even if you like," Mahadiah says, "but I cannot guarantee your safety. And if I can't guarantee your safety, do you think a democratically elected government in Baghdad can?"

THE MORNING AFTER

Their leaders called for a boycott. But now, after the historic vote, they'll fit into post-election Iraq.

for the Iraqi people, or comparing it to the fall of the Berlin Wall, is some over-the-top commensurate have done, everything. There is more to the picture than ink-stained fingers and voter names, waiting through that in some places.

In Sunni-dominated Little, the message is clear: elections are only a setback to the larger narrative of a struggle for survival. Sunnis have continued to use the language of the besieged. "It will never end," says the town's clerk, 57-year-old Mahmoud al-Jabali. "If a person comes onto our land,

claiming the Shi'a success on election day does elicit a burst of opinion. The consensus is that the vote was nothing more than a reflection of the will of the Shi'a leadership—a victory for religious faith instead of democratic principles. "The Shi'a voted because the clerics told them to. It was a religious duty," says Mahadiah.

Across the Sunni world, the election is clear: elections are only a setback to the larger narrative of a struggle for survival. Sunnis have continued to use the language of the besieged. "It will never end," says the town's clerk, 57-year-old Mahmoud al-Jabali. "If a person comes onto our land,

station in al-Mutla, a religiously mixed district in eastern Baghdad. Some Sunnis think their boycott was a mistake. "I don't understand why the clerics boycotted the election," and 24-year-old Sunni voter Amr Muhammad al-Saklbi, a master's student at Ninawa University in Baghdad. "I think they were only worried about losing their own power, and not the lives of their people. Now they've lost everything." Among educated Sunnis in Baghdad, there is a growing demand for a legitimate Sunni political movement. The broad-based Sunni

support needed by insurgent groups in the past is on the wane thanks to nearly two years of bloodshed, a disenchanting unraveling of living—and a creeping concern among

DEALING with the anarchy in the Sunni regions of the country is a big challenge for any incoming government

some that their leaders have failed them. Those at the top have sensed the shift in the days following the vote, the Association of Muslim Scholars, Iraq's leading Sunni organization, appeared disoriented by the apparent success of the election. A Feb. 2 announcement, designed to save face, disavowed their boycott as only a statement to their followers, not an order. People had been free to go to the polls if they wished. The association subsequently went a step further, accusing the occupying coalition of willfully preventing Sunnis from voting.



RIDING THE WAVE

The city recalls—and benefits from—the tsunami

ON BANGKOK'S Khao San Road, an old nurse is playing from a pair of loudspeakers—*The End of the World*, Sister Davis's 1962 classic. *Why does my heart go on beating? / Why do these eyes of mine cry? / Don't they know it's the end of the world?*

Apparently not. Assured patients shuffle past the crowd of buskers and smile on this neon street that it will sell the established hub for Southeast Asian backpackers. And none of the questions are blaring Van Morrison's *Down by the River*—the sad-romantic moments of reflection has passed. Bangkok goes on with the business of another night.

Not that the tsunami has been forgotten here in the Thai capital, far from it. Check out the leaders being handed out to advertise one bar's "Afternoon Party." To be fair, the pamphlet's premise (that proceeds will go to the relief effort) has Bangkok's serious intent on reassuring people that nothing has been changed. A poster illustrating the stricken areas proclaims in large letters, "The Gulf of Thailand was not affected!" Just as Thailand's SAHS outbreak convinced many foreign travelers that all of Canada was under

quarantine, there are many tourists who do not distinguish between the Thai beach resorts of the south and the crowded metropolis hundreds of miles to the north.

Still, if the crowds on Khao San Road are any gauge, Bangkok is not suffering too much. Most of the retailers I spoke with even reported a significant post-tsunami

A POSTER

illustrating the stricken areas proclaims in large letters, "The Gulf of Thailand was not affected!"

boom in trade, as beach vacation plans were hastily rescheduled and the thousands of sea seekers backed up into Bangkok hotels. "There were more tourists around than ever," one local businessman told me. Retailers are not the only ones to gain some minor advantage from the disaster. Thai Prime Minister Thaksin Shinawatra's re-election bid was spinning a tidal election

on leading Khao San Road, a shrine to the disaster's victims draws its own visitors

the tsunami hit. Now he's the symbol of relief and renewal, and the political opposition has crumbled. Any other time it would be said that he is riding a wave of public support, but God help the politicians who would speak such a gross truth today.

Party across Khao San Road never ends. One young woman flags a roadside bar—usually a glorified under stall—with a sign reading, "Very strong cocktails. We never check ID." Emphasis is blasting from a display of piped CDs and food carts offer everything from fresh fruit to crepes.

So it comes as a sobering shock to find the wall of photos. At the entrance to Khao San, a temporary metal fence has been set up for the rows of billboards that show the faces of the missing, and even the identifying features of the dead. A poster shows photos from unidentified corpses, another has photos of rings and personal effects. Little blond Swedish boys and gorgeous young Thai women smile from rows of snapshots never intended to serve this purpose. One poster updates the tally as of Jan. 18, 2005: "Missing persons in Thailand: 4,548, 1,945 Thai, 2,603 foreigners."

Like New York's Ground Zero, the tsunami has become a shrine that draws its own crowds. People stroll up and down as if at an illustrated version of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. On this night, no one is searching for funeral faces. They are here merely to pay their respects before plunging back into the rest of Khao San Road.

Bangkok may be far from the disaster zone, but life here is frequently unrelentingly all its own. A recent accident on the brand-new subway system injured over 200, driving even more residents into the waiting arms of the city's half-worn taxi-bike drivers who weave through the gaps in traffic on this three-wheeled motorcycle cart.

And even as I sat in a local coffee shop typing this story, my work was interrupted by a loud bang. I looked up to see a nearby transformer erupting into flames. A second blast followed and, as I fled from my window seat, a third explosion finally knocked out power in the coffee shop. "It happened last year, too," a staffer told me. "Same one."

Bangkok may be chaotic. But as the locals will insist to assure you, it's just chaos as usual.

Q&A | SABBIR KHAN

'NOW IS THE TIME'

On the eve of the Mideast summit, the Palestinian negotiator calls for peace

With the announcement that Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon would meet this week with new Palestinian President Mahmoud Abbas, hopes were running high that, finally, there may be a way out of the crisis that has enveloped the Middle East for so many years. In a further effort to improve the political climate, Israel, which is already planning to pull out of the Gaza Strip, also agreed to release some 300 Palestinian prisoners and gradually remove more troops from the West Bank. Last week, Sabir Khan, representative for the Palestinians, paused during a frantic day of meetings to speak with *Jonathan Gershon* of *Nation's*.

Suddenly there seems to be a window of opportunity for peace. What has changed?

I don't like to use such adjectives: windows, doors, closed or open. I can tell you that a majority of Palestinians and a majority of Israelis expect from this opening nothing less than a real opportunity



What has to happen to make the summit between Abbas and Sharon a success?

It will depend largely on the following: our ability as Palestinians to ensure a full cessation of violence against Israeli civilians. And the same thing is true for the Israelis, to stop violence against Palestinians. Secondly, we need to restore the situation in the West Bank to the way it was in September 2000—meaning a withdrawal of Israeli troops, a redeployment of Palestinian forces, a return of control to the Palestinian Authority. Thirdly, we need to see a cessation of spheres of aggression and co-optation: economic, financial, security, water, day-to-day life. And a release of prisoners.

For a lasting ceasefire, how can the Palestinian Authority move forward on the issue

of disarming the militant groups?

We're dealing with the internal Palestinian situation on many parallel tracks as we can. It's very complex. But we've just had elections. We're awaiting all parties to participate—Hamas was the majority of councils in Gaza. They and the other groups are invited to be part of the political process, to abandon authority problems. We are determined to build our political system on the rule of law, pluralism and the ballot box.

How big a role has Israel's planned pullout from Gaza played in the new debate? Is the fact that Israel already seems to have a summer timetable driving the new process?

If they want partnership, we need to sit down and decide how the Gaza disengagement is going to be part of the road map

for peace [the plan submitted by the U.S. in 2003]. Because for us, the West Bank and Gaza are a single territorial unit. We have a much more important timetable: the timetable of 2005, specified in the road map, for us and to Israeli occupation. The U.S. has no interest in its practice of financing its Mideast policy in terms of what Israel can or cannot do. It should adopt a policy that reflects what is needed here: a meaningful peace process that will end the occupation. This is a double.

Public expectations are rising.

I'm always worried about that: always people's desire and not having leaders to come down. We're still trying to establish what can and can't be done. We need the help of the international community economically on the question of security, on reforms. It's not so much a question of expectations as one of showing people what can be done on the ground.

One of these latest issues is government corruption. What are you doing about that? The people who voted for Abbas don't expect him to have a magic wand, but they expect him to begin the process. To start a course of building the constitution, ending corruption, restoring the rule of law and public order, accountability, transparency, free elections. People want to see progress. And we're determined to give them that.

Is your government simply calling for a return to the road map, or are there new additional demands?

At this stage, I'm simply looking to re-engage with my Israeli colleagues, to re-establish a partnership. I don't have expectations for mutual trust overnight, but we must begin. Now is the time.

Loveinc.

In the modern search for a mate, there's a dating game—and a payment plan—for singles of every kind. SHANDA DEZIEL reports from the front.

"DON'T JUST STAND THERE, go screw someone." It's an obvious enough opening line at a Nuts & Bolts Party—where single guys are given bolts and single girls get nuts—but it's still pretty jarring. It takes a few minutes (and a squish shot) to actually feel comfortable enough to mingle. Someone out there has a nut or a bolt that fits yours and you just have to find them. Once you've located your match, make a quick introduction, receive a raffle ticket and a new nut or bolt—then you're free to do it all again. The concept is cheesy and lewd, second-circle-of-hell territory—but somehow you grow accustomed to,

maybe even join in on, the lingo. "Can I use your thing? Sorry, too small." And so on. *anybutterfora nut/bolt to end 30s bar crowd.* "It definitely doesn't feel creepy," says Val (who nonchalantly does not want to use her real name), a 30-year-old. "It really isn't a pick-up thing." She sounds almost disappointed.

While the Nuts & Bolts event, hosted by Toronto's *Street Carvery* eatery, may be one of the more risqué nights for singles, it's only one example of the creativity that goes into helping people find romance these days. There's speed dating (and also speed dating), dinner for eight strangers who love books (*Dinner in the Dark*, whose eating and getting acquainted is done in the pitch black) (the winners wear night vision goggles), *Singles Safari* at the Calgary Zoo, a dinner and dancing event dedicated to meeting other unsatisfied vegetarians, and rock or ice drinking for those willing to go to extremes. And, if we're lucky, Canadian *Wild Mario* will adopt Friday night "Singles Shopping"—it's all the rage in Germany.

Welcome to the urban singles' arena, where money

can buy you love. Pay for a membership or pay as you go—there's something for all age categories, all sexual preferences and for professional, athletic or arty types. "The Internet kind of exploded the whole singles industry and allowed for new ways for people to meet," says Susan Kates, who runs *Dinner Works*, a dining and dating service in Toronto, Ottawa and Vancouver. "All of a sudden matchmaking, something that was not talked about, has been brought into the forefront."

The dating industry (including online, traditional matchmaking businesses and the new "introductions" type companies) is estimated to be a US\$1.2 billion money-maker in North America. And as the online portion starts to plateau—after 77 per cent growth in 2003, it saw only a 29 per cent jump in 2004—face-to-face events are poised to take on a bigger role. "Speed dating and nuts-and-bolts-type parties are not based on using a computer with your pajamas on, telling someone you're something you're not," says Catherine Popary, the Halifax-based owner/operator of *Speed Dating Atlantic*. "It's for a totally different person, who wants to sit



in front of someone and find out, "Does this make sense? Am I attracted to their eyes? Is the chemistry there?"

But just what kind of person is that? We used to say desperate. Nowadays, the stigmas that come with looking like you're looking is all but gone. Participants are confident, busy professionals who know what they want and are searching out a partner the way they would a new job. Many of those who've dated speed dating and dinner events marvel at the quality of the people they meet. But that's not to say they're all winners. At her first Toronto Dinner/Weekend—where four men and four women spent the evening at a local restaurant—Paula (not her real name) was seated beside a guy who proceeded to become very drunk, and was acting so aggressive that two of the women at the table left early. "Things you probably don't want to do," says Paula, "are complain about your job incessantly

when you first meet somebody, or about how you got a bad deal with your union. You've got to be yourself, but you've also got to be on your best behavior." A 35-year-old vice-president of an online entertainment company, Paula doesn't tell her colleagues or acquaintances that she's joined Dinner/Weekend. It's just Lunch (a leading North American non-union service), but the regular bar girls end with stories from the buffet line.

While these services generally cater to their age range of 25 to 45, the older, professional crowd is more likely to parade than the young, arty types. "I'm not at that stage," says Megan McCoy, a 27-year-old costume producer. "I still have faith that I'll just bump into some body one day and it'll be perfect, like a romantic comedy. I don't put any judgment on that, it's

just not what I want to tell my kids about how I met dad." So McCoy relies on co-workers by friends and the bar scene—which, she's the first to admit, isn't exactly working.

Last Valentine's Day, she reluctantly headed out with friends to a Toronto bar. "As the maitre d', I was chatting up a bouncer," says McCoy, "and for a 36-year-old guy who lived with his mother and drove a yellow Thunderbolt, he was actually quite charming." Next, she was approached by a guy wearing a cowboy hat and a right white T-shirt that read "Boat girlified think I've got." This guy was in the business of doing recon-

struction. "And ordered my sixth martini," says McCoy, "hmm, there was barbeque No. 3. He was a baker, who'd just finished off the heart-shaped cake and cookie

baking stretch—and he was cool." In fact, he stayed cool when McCoy blurted—she held her hair, got her hair done, dugged her a cabaret called him to call him when she got home safely. "The next morning, completely uninterested, head-pounding, I came across the phone numbers from the night before," she recalls. "Wouldn't you know? I'd met a bouncer, a baker and a reconstruction worker. Happy 14th Valentine's Day to me!"

There's at least one event out there that caters to the McCoys of the world. Santa Cruz is a singles night for people who are too cool to singles night. Hip indie musicians, artists and the like do to a grungy Toronto basement venue each month. They make a member to go on their shorts, which come sporadically a mailbox—on a house exchanging systems for dropping anonymous (or not so anonymous) notes to show you fancy. But that's just a silly backdrop to the night's main attraction: rock bands, artists doing

THE STIGMA of looking like you're looking is gone. Professionals seek partners the way they would a new job.

live shows, movie readings, music and bar lounge sets, and DJs whipping up a dance party. "Indie rock bands don't dance, they just sort of stand there," says anti-boygenius Tyler Charles Burke, 31. "I was excited by the idea of getting over quiet social smiles—and my secret desire was that people would wear members, hook up and have fun." Even those who are there "just to see the band" can't help but get caught up in

the flirtation, writing and reading notes that range from the safe, "I like the way you drink water, Joe, 444" to the strange, "When I gazed into your eyes, my terrible bowel and nose disappeared, 10/10"

Whether you're 44 and corporate or 25 and trendy, most people agree that it's a tough time to be on the market. We're marrying later and the pool of potential partners goes considerably smaller once you're out of school. The decreased participation in church and community events has taken away traditional places to meet. And while the Family Food game shows exist "Work in the No. 1 place people meet their spouses, hooking up with an old flame can be tricky. Some companies have started adding employees who get

HAPPY ENDINGS

Serendipity is key, from a bus-ride meeting to being stranded by 9/11

CHRYSLER BELL, 48, BIRMINGHAM WRITER MEET HER CANADIAN LEAD SPOUSE, GERALD, 48, RCMP OFFICER, IN MARCH 1998, BRANFORD, ONT. I was writing my second novel, which featured an undercover police officer and guns. I didn't know who to ask, so I went to all kinds of chat rooms and posed questions like "How would I go about buying a gun without it being traced?" "How would I have a helmet?" Gerald immediately saying he was a police officer, and really wanted to know why I'd posted this. We met at a Keweenaw's. I brought out my tape recorder, and he said, "This is for real, isn't it?" I could tell whether he had thought it was going to be casual, or whether I was serious about hiring a helmet. We had dinner, and he answered my questions. I figured that would be the end of it. I had just come out of a divorce—I was still paying off the lawyers—and I didn't need another man. All I wanted was information. But he kept emailing me, asking where we'd go next again. I finally agreed to meet him again, and now it's everything I ever need to be whole about.

LOUIE BARTSE, 36, DESIGN CONSULTANT, MEET BOYFRIEND MAN HENRIKSEN, 26, CUSTOMER RELATIONS SPECIALIST, ON HIS BIRTHDAY IN FEBRUARY 2003, TORONTO I was on my way to work on the bus, and we were getting off, but somehow I got stuck. He started going on and on, saying that he'd had this crush on me for years and he'd written this song for me called "The Girl on the Bus," which he'd posted on the Internet. I told him he was flattering me, but that I'd listen to it.



I did later that day and really liked it and thought, 'He's probably quite harmless.' It's a little bit song—he played all the parts and it sounds like I'm in love. You can tell it's a doozy. I'm home recording. We met up the following weekend and have been inseparable ever since.

DEBBIE HARRISON, 34, COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER MEET HUSBAND JOHN HARRISON, 35, ENGINEER, IN JANUARY 2003, EDMONTON

A whole bunch of Edmonton Rush Route Warriors came to Saskatoon, where I was living. A hockey group—a "working club with a running problem"—the runners follow a trail made of dogpoos of the Rush, which leads to a police station stop, usually with beer. I wasn't involved with hockey then, but I was the owner of a running store, so they approached me on getting the inaugural Saskatoon run together. That's when we met. Just argued and ran in kilometers, and I organized the Saskatoon event. That's what ultimately brought us together. We had a midnight toast at our wedding.



KARIN BLICK, 34, DIRECTOR OF CUSTOMER SERVICE, MEET JAMES BLOOM, 35, AIR CARGO OPERATOR, IN MARCH 2003, MONCTON, N.B.

I'd seen ads on TV for Ski-Doo and thought it looked like fun. So I bought one. For a couple of weeks, I thought, "What do I do?" But I didn't give up—on a chat site I located this snowmobileer whose coffee name was Moose. I emailed and he offered to show me the ropes. I knew right away when we met that he was the one. He had a souped-up Ski-Doo, and was real nice, and didn't make fun of me because I didn't know how to start my sled. Fred kept emailing and asking me about my Ski-Doo, and I said, "Do you want to not talk about Ski-Doo and maybe go to a movie?" We're going to have a hand-blown glass Ski-Doo cake topper for our wedding.

ON THE WEB To find out more about the ways to meet, visit www.dating.com



NICKI WYLAND, 26, MEET HUSBAND MARK, 31, BOTH FINANCIAL CONSULTANTS, IN SEPTEMBER 2001, NEW YORK CITY

We were working for the same company in Toronto, but had never really talked. The Friday before Sept. 11th, we had to go down to see a client in Nashville. Then 9/11 had passed, so we were stranded. Nicki's birthday is Sept. 13 and was in the 19th, so we were trying to make the best of the situation. We were sitting at the hotel lobby watching the coverage, and beautifully it off night there. On Mark's birthday, we had a nice dinner and went out to a country-western bar. In the taxi cab on the way back, Mark grabbed my hand. That was like, oh my God, the moment that we realized that this was deeper. We drove to Manhattan for my birthday. We sat on a park, and there were three imperfections on the street. It's been unbelievable since. Our first child is due next month.

KARIN MARLEY



romantically involved in sign a "volitional relationship contract" saying both parties have entered the union consensually. Other places have policies against coupling, trying to ward off post-breakup tension or, worse-case scenario, sexual harassment claims. Recently, a California appeals court upheld an employer's right to enforce one of those policies over an employee's right to privacy.

CSOs aren't safe either. Kelly Duffin, president of the Canadian Housing Society, was fired by the organization's board after they learned she was dating the president of an advocacy group that provides outreach and services for people with mental health issues. Despite his own policy of not dating co-workers, Chat began seeing his girlfriend Dawn (just their real names) while they were both employed at a Canadian women's magazine. They kept their relationship a secret for a year until Chat found

IT'S A tough time for singles—the pool of potential partners gets considerably smaller once you're out of school

out his job. "In an office with all women, we just didn't want to be the talk of the town."

Some lucky folks, like Angela Stern, 36, and Rick O'Brien, 44, didn't need school, work, church or co-workers. A few years ago, Stern accidentally dumped her coffee on a really cute guy (O'Brien) in a Toronto neighbourhood cafe. Surprisingly, they still remember each other over a year later, when he walked into the laundromat while she was folding clothes. Angela said, "Hi." Rick said, "Like those socks." And knew love. But what if you've got a workday and dryer

at home? "When I was 30, I thought meeting someone was just going to happen," says John, a 40-year-old entrepreneur in Vancouver, "and then, at 35, I thought I'm kind of getting a bit older. I really want to give fate a nudge." John estimates he spends about \$400 to \$600 a year on services, including Dinner/Works and Lovelife, the wildly successful Canadian version of dating site. "I think it's a bargain because I used to go out in my 20s and 30s and it would spend \$50 to \$100 a night and often times I wouldn't meet anyone."

For sure, shelling out just a little each pays off big time. Two years ago, Janice Grunewald went to three Speed Dating Atlantic events in Halifax at \$25 a pop, then she gave up "looking." When 30A owner Fogarty invited her to a New Year's Eve dinner party, she declined. But Fogarty persisted and, in the end, the touring company executive dragged himself there. She met Bill Vitrol

VERY BAD BEGINNINGS

When a journalist went looking for tales of dating disasters, women were only too happy to respond

YOU THOUGHT meeting someone was hard, but that's got nothing on dating. Who hasn't looked up from a plate of pasta pasta and thought, "Who is this person? What am I doing here? Do I have grace left in my body?" And these are only the mildly bad dates. Toronto journalist Amy Cameron, a former *Maclean's* writer, has compiled 52 of the worst stories you'll ever hear—get wet-slicing, laugh-out-loud, truly unbelievable tales of disaster in *Playing with Matches*. Also



PLAYING WITH MATCHES
Amy Cameron,
Random House,
\$14.95

each other with outrageous and embarrassing romantic situations from the past. People would overhear Cameron talking about the project at restaurants and bars and just have to tell her their stories. "I felt like I had tapped into this reservoir that was floating right under the surface," she says. "Women had been sharing bad date stories forever. We do that, we share our pain."

One woman got caught going through her date's wallet—she had forgotten his name and was searching for a driver's license. Another went out for dinner with an art gallery owner, then ended up back at his place, where he began reading a batch of crack cocaine for his artists. Not exactly what women mean when they say they want a man who can cook. According to Cameron, whether it was the woman's own fault or her date's, if things went wrong in the bedroom or while meeting his family, each storyteller was able to laugh about

her experiences. "No matter what awkward situation a woman found herself in, when retelling the story, she was not cynical or mean. These women dated again. They were hopeful."

When she started researching the book, Cameron planned to include a chapter of stories as told by men, but she found they couldn't provide the same detail. "Men don't share easily," she says. "For a guy, a date is bad because of slightly intangible things. You not that into her, she won't bathe and I don't, I don't like her friends." But they do remember what they didn't like about her friends, they don't analyze."

What Cameron did include were her own awful stories—and there are a lot of them—from how her grandmother sabotaged her first date at 12, to a night years later when flirting with a friend led to a friendship motel and some unexpected speaking. "I don't tell that story a lot," Cameron says. "And at first I wasn't going to include any own bad dates. But I didn't want to be some anonymous woman talking advantage of the kindness of strangers. I wanted to say, 'I know what you're talking about.'" Yes, we all do. S.D.



ALL IN THE FAMILY



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ANGER'S SHORT SHELF LIFE

Vigilance against corporate fraud is already fading away in the U.S.

ON THE 3400 BLOCK of Smith Street in downtown Houston stands a 50-story skyscraper wrapped in green-tinted glass. Curved edges on the facade are as its only notable architectural feature. Today, that is just another office building, quietly unremarkable as almost every way. But three years ago it was the epicenter of an earthquake that rocked the business world—back when it was known as the Enron Building.

Three months after the freeway toward Galveston and you'll pass the home of the Houston Astros baseball club. It used to be known as Enron Field, and it was the centerpiece of

the energy and pipeline company's proud connection to the city it called home. Now it's called Minute Maid Park.

You could stroll around Houston all day and find no evidence of the Enron name, or the infamous red, blue and green striped E logo. There's nothing to indicate that Enron once employed 30,000 Houstonians, and no sign of the devastation it left behind when it collapsed into bankruptcy in October 2001. The only reminders come in daily press reports on the criminal cases against former top executives Jeffrey Skilling and Kenneth Lay, but even these stories seem to be of only passing interest in a city that has grown weary of the whole world's affair.

Skilling's lawyer recently commissioned a poll asking residents what they thought of his client, Enron's former CEO. The question drew a few sharp responses: "He is the devil," said one person. Others called him a "snake" and a "pig." But on the whole, the survey revealed more ambivalence than vitriol. Only 32 percent of respondents held negative opinions of the man. Thirty-two percent? What does it take to get a bad reputation in this town?

But maybe the tepid polling numbers shouldn't come as a big surprise. Anger, no matter how intense, is rapidly blunted by the passage of time. And besides, the good folk in Houston are not alone in their apathy. Throughout North America, the desire for tougher corporate oversight is flagging.

A couple of years ago, regulatory crackdowns and investor rights were hot political causes. The public's shared sense of outrage over Enron—and WorldCom, and Tyco,

and Adelphia, and Nortel Networks, to name just a few—brought about higher standards for disclosure, tougher penalties for white-collar crime and an infusion of money to enforce the new law. Even in Canada, where market regulation is a non-contest sport, there were first criminal sanctions for insider trading and a task force dedicated to investigating securities-related crimes. But that kind of popular political momentum doesn't last forever.

It's been awhile since an accounting scandal toppled a major corporation, and arcane disclosure rule changes and investor protection just don't have the same resonance when CEOs aren't being led off to jail every day. Naturally, as the public's anger over the various scandals has waned, so has the

A RECENT POLL asked Houston residents about Enron's former CEO. Only 32 percent held negative opinions. What does it take to get a bad reputation in this town?

political will to protect against future fraud.

For the past few months, George W. Bush and his cabinet have been sending unmistakable signals that the crackdown on corporate crime is over. The president's pick for secretary of commerce, Carlos Gutierrez—former CEO of retail giant Kmart—has said he will fight to reduce regulatory controls that "unacceptably burden" big business. In late January, the head of the Securities and Exchange Commission said some government rules may be relaxed for foreign firms operating in the U.S.

But the most striking change of course has

come from U.S. Treasury Secretary John Snow. Exactly one year ago, Snow was practically pounding the table for new laws and bigger jabs to lock up corporate crooks. He said beefing up securities regulations was "an imperative for the nation" and that various scandals "shocked the conscience of all of us."

Well, it appears Snow's conscience has fully recovered. In December, he told the *Wall Street Journal* that this whole regulation thing may have gotten out of hand. The U.S. must find a "balance" between protecting investors and not stunting economic growth, he said. "We don't want to criminalize companies." To recap: In February, prosecuting investors and upholding public trust in the markets were paramount. A month later, the bigger fear is of "criminalizing investors"—as if the SEC has been running around tugging itself out on anyone who has the wrong button on a calculator.

Let's get one thing straight, for the history books: Enron executives didn't accidentally hide billions in debt. WorldCom's auditors didn't forget how accounting rules worked. Neither did Nortel. And Canada

Black didn't mistakenly use the celebrity drugbook to pay for his wife's \$42,000 birthday party. These were conscious decisions by executives who considered themselves immune to policy shirkers and weak regulations. Each case

provided more evidence that corporate oversight in North America was a joke. But defending the public interest is only politically expedient as long as the scores are piling attention. Outrage has a short shelf life, and most people have already forgotten who Jeff Skilling is, and why they were supposed to be mad at him in the first place.

Even in Houston, Enron is history. And history is bound to be repeated. The process has already begun.

Read Steve Maich's writing, "All Business," at www.machincan.ca/allbusiness

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WINGS OF A HERO

In war and peace, Wop
May earned a reputation
for extraordinary courage



Wop May of the Royal Flying Corps, in 1918

IN THE EARLY DAYS of 1932, the world's attention was riveted on a spectacular crash-land in Canada's Far North. An Avia biplane had wounded an RCMP officer, then led police on a 48-day chase across more than 200 km of snow-covered tundra in temperatures dipping as low as -50°C. Shortly after the man—dubbed The Mad Trapper of Bar River—shot and killed another policeman, the RCMP enlisted the services of bush pilot Wilfred (Wop) May to help conduct the search. On Feb. 12, May flew overhead as police and the experienced fagline (whose identity remains disputed to this day) shot it out in the Richardson Mountains. The Mad Trapper died in a hail of gunfire, but not before seriously wounding one of his pursuers, Sgt. Edith Henney.

Scoping up the ground, May lifted Henney into his bush plane and dressed his gushing chest wound. Relying on memory, May piloted through a pass in a blinding blizzard to Aldwick, N.W.T. There, a doctor removed a bullet that had barely missed Henney's heart and told May that (he'd) taken 15 minutes longer, the sergeant would have died.

If Wop May never did anything else, his actions that February day would have made him a bona fide Canadian hero, but long before the famous crash-land, and for many years afterwards, May was a model of daring-do. "He loved the North and he loved flying," says his son, Deary May, 69, who lives in Edmonton. "But I think he was really motivated by the desire to help people."

1907 book, *Wings of a Hero*, which Deary May helped research, the young May's life took a dramatic turn as he watched two pilots buzz over Edmonton in a biplane during a 1913 air exhibition. From then on, May knew he wanted to fly.

The First World War gave May the chance. In April 1918, on just his second day in combat, May found himself part of a squadron

'HE LOVED the North,' says his son. 'But I think he was really motivated by the desire to help people.'

that successfully downed and killed the infamous German flying ace, Manfred von Richthofen, a.k.a. the Red Baron. May didn't fire the fatal shot, but he was credited with aerial manoeuvres that distracted the Red Baron long enough to allow May's comrades to attack the German's red tri plane. May shot down at least 13 enemy aircraft before the war ended, earning the Distinguished Flying Cross. After the armistice, he finally allowed civilian work to dig out troops lodged in his arms and chest during various combat missions. May returned to Edmonton, where he

became famous for staging aerial stunts. While operating alone in 1924, May's right eye was pierced by a machine gun, ultimately blinding it. May kept the injury secret for the next 15 years, so the one-eyed pilot could pursue the only job he truly loved.

His next great adventure took shape on New Year's Day, 1930, when word reached Edmonton of a diphtheria outbreak in the remote northern Alberta community of Little Red River. The following day, May and Vic Harner, a fellow Edmontonian and flying legend, set out on a daring mission to deliver the serum that would save hundreds of lives. They flew 1,000 km northward in a two-seater, open-cockpit Aero Avian, but ditched behind winds and -35°C temperatures. In Fort Vermilion, the local doctor took the serum and, by home and sleigh, 80 km to Little Red River. Their mission made headlines around the world, and they were greeted by a cheering crowd of 10,000 upon their return.

In 1952, May, then 56, died of a heart attack while taking in the mountains of Utah with his 17-year-old son. For Deary, the half-century since has been a journey of discovery about his father's life and accomplishments. "I met the doctor who called my father on that New Year's Day in 1930," recalls Deary. "He said, 'Your Dad didn't hear me.' He didn't ask who would pay for the flight or complain it was too cold. He just said, 'We'll go.' That's the kind of man he was."

IT'S MAD COWMADNESS

Ottawa has been too slow to take all the steps necessary to control BSE

RECENT DISCLOSURES OF MORE mad cows in our midst raise the nagging question of why Canada is not doing far more to screen the nation's cattle herds for the dreaded bovine spongiform encephalopathy, better known as mad cow disease. The reason we're seeing more confirmed BSE cases is that surveillance is on the upswing, with the Canadian Food Inspection Agency this year testing 30,000 slaughtered cows for BSE, up from 5,490 in 2003. But that's still a rather thin slice, when you consider the Canadian beef industry slaughters over three million animals annually. And it pales beside efforts in Europe, where every slaughtered cow over 30 months of age is tested, or Japan, where all

slaughtered cows are tested, period. One begins to wonder how many more diseased animals would emerge if we followed their example? And are we afraid to find out?

Or this, as government and cattle-industry officials insist, just so much fear-mongering. Perhaps. But the demand for more vigorous BSE testing is far from new. Long before the first Canadian-born mad cow surfaced in May 2003, independent scientists who study brain-wasting conditions—including BSE and its equally fatal human offshoot, variant Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease (vCJD)—were urging federal authorities to put amply strong stop-up surveillance. They warned that, because BSE has such a lengthy incubation period—four to five years—until members of animals could be exposed to the disease before a single case came to light, their appeals fell on deaf ears.

Among the early critics was David Westaway, a University of Toronto molecular biologist who has spent two decades studying prions—protein particles in the brain that, if abnormally shaped, are thought to trigger disease like BSE. Westaway believes Canada should follow Europe's lead and test all slaughtered cows over 30 months (older cattle are more likely to show signs of BSE). There would mean screening about 500,000 animals annually, or about 17 times the current number. "We have to see what the real incidence is," says Westaway, "rather than what we hope or guess it is."

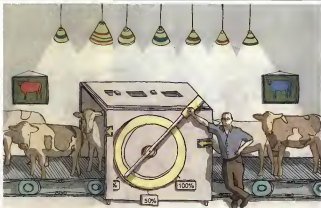
Others, including many ordinary ranchers,

would like to go further, and test all animals regardless of age. This view is endorsed by Stanley Prusiner, a professor of neurology and biochemistry at the University of California, who won the 1997 Nobel Prize in medicine for his research into prions. In a recent article for *Scientific American*, Prusiner wrote "I see no other option for adequately protecting the human food supply."

No one, it should be noted, suggests Canada is facing a BSE crisis like the one that hit Britain in the 1980s. Since then, more than 183,000 British cattle have tested positive for BSE, and it's likely up to two million others were infected but undetected. By comparison, the four Canadian herds diagnosed with BSE to date seem innocuous. As well, the British example shows prion diseases are very difficult to transmit to humans. After all, a population twice

the size of Canada's spent years bucking into steaks and hamburgers made from millions of possibly infected cattle, and yet only 18 Britons have died of vCJD (that said, it was 148 in 2003).

So we can relax, eh? Well, not quite. For one thing, consider the economic toll from four madly cows. Canadian beef initially shrank in nearly 50 countries (including the critical U.S. market), \$2 billion in lost export sales, and financial ruin for many ranchers and feedlot operators. Also, whenever BSE has shown up in 26 countries, and, accordingly, getting in under control has required a three-pronged approach: strictly



enforced feed bans, enforced slaughter practices, and increased BSE testing. On all fronts, Canadian authorities have been slow to act.

Part of the official reason is that Canada was free of mad cow disease before 2003. It actually arrived at least a decade earlier. In December 1993, an infected British herd was found on an Alberta farm. Canada made to quarantine nearly 400 other cows imported from Britain. But these animals undisturbedly slipped through the cracks, setting off a chain reaction we're only now beginning to appreciate. It took six years for Canada to prohibit the feeding of rendered cattle parts to cattle, a controversial practice

the British had learned was the most likely way BSE gets transmitted. But we failed to follow Britain's example and instead the ban on cattle parts in feed intended for all animals, such as pigs and chickens which, in turn, could be rendered and fed back to cows (surprisingly, seven years on, this loophole still exists). Canada also neglected to recall food produced before the 1997 ban.

All the while, Canadian officials ignored warnings of a time bomb about to explode. In 2004, a panel of European scientists reported that, because of past practices, "BSE infection could have entered the Canadian system." Claude Lévesque, a retired

senior director with the Canadian Food Inspection Agency, reacted strongly. "We did the report in 1997," said Lévesque. "The risk of transmission where the disease doesn't exist is zero. And that's our mission."

Well, so much for that theory. Canada also took too long to clean up potentially risky slaughterhouse practices. In 1989, Britain ordered that certain parts of cowbellies be removed from the most potent—including the brain and spinal cord—be removed before reaching the human food supply. It wasn't until 14 years later that Canada did the same. Ironically, Canadian officials now argue that removing these

"specified risk materials" represents the single most important safeguard against the spread of vCJD. So why didn't they do it sooner? Could it be that, just as with the feed ban, tighter regulations threatened to cost the politically connected meat processing and feed industry millions of dollars?

These questions are especially relevant given the blanket resistance from politicians, government regulators and the cattle industry to universal BSE testing. From the Prime Minister on down, we are told "the science" doesn't justify it. They argue it's a waste of time and money because there are no valid BSE tests for cows under the age of 24 months. True enough, the price experts dispute that. Young cows, he says, can be infected and still remain positive because the abnormal protein in their brains hasn't built up enough to be detected by conventional exams. However, new, more sensitive tests now in use in Europe and Japan are starting to pick up BSE in animals as young as 21 months. As always, "the science" is evolving.

As for being too expensive, surveys released last year of BSE tests in Europe and the U.S. pegged the per-animal cost at between \$30 and \$55. Even assuming the higher figure, that's \$28 million to test all cows over 30 months slaughtered in Canada. Not cheap, but surely a pittance compared to the cost of having our beef thrown by the world. The prudent course is clear: Canada should immediately test all older cattle and, as BSE tests become more precise and inexpensive, expand that to younger cows as well.

None of this is meant to give comfort to U.S. protectionists who say the border should stay closed because Canadian beef is inherently unsafe. This is sheer hypocrisy, given that the United States conducts BSE testing on more than twice as many cows in Canada, and has been just as slow to implement feed bans and slaughterhouse reforms. The Americans have nothing to teach us on this file. But both countries have much to learn from the Europeans and Japanese. We should do so before it's too late. ■

THE GREAT AMERICAN MYTH

There is no U.S. empire, but there is a uni-multi-polar world

Samuel Huntington, the Harvard University political scientist whose *The Clash of Civilizations and the Remaking of World Order* in 1996 predicted conflict between the West and Islam, spoke in Toronto recently on the limits of U.S. power. Huntington was the third of four speakers in the Grano Lecture series on *The American Dream*. Edited excerpts

MY CENTRAL ARGUMENT is the American empire doesn't exist. It's largely And the fact that people believe in this myth has some not very good consequences. Because of the belief in this myth by both Americans and non-Americans, we are moving in the direction in which, if current trends continue, Iraq will only be the first in a series of episodes with disastrous consequences.

The usual definition of empire is the rule exercised by one nation or people over other peoples. And quite clearly, the United States has not been much of an empire throughout its history. We did have colonies at one time in the Philippines and a few other places, but we didn't exercise direct rule over other people by and large.

More recent theories and commentators have broadened the definition to include the ability to shape events in other societies in a significant way.

One of the astonishing things in the past decade, however, has been the extent to which the concept of America having universal power has been adopted so enthusiastically by

FOR THE U.S. to export democracy or free markets to other countries is something to be avoided

people who are labelled neo-conservatives. So we have this paradoxical situation in which liberals find it hard to challenge the idea of an American empire because the neo-conservatives say, "We should go out and reform the world, promote democracy and human rights and impose the world liberty in the American image!" And the liberals just don't know how to deal with that sort of a conviction.

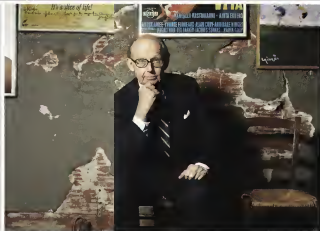
With the collapse of the Soviet Union and the end of the Cold War, the power of the United States has declined tremendously. Now, people say, "Well, you're the only super-

power, and therefore you can do anything you want." But that's simply not the case, because you can only exercise authority and influence over other countries if you can get them to go along; if they resist you in one way or another. Countries all over the world now no longer need the United States to provide their security as they did during the Cold War. The idea that the European Union would have evolved in the way in which it has during the past decade or so would have been unthinkable during the Cold War, when the United States was crucial to providing the security for Germany and France. They don't need it now—and control over them, as well as over many other countries, clearly has gone down dramatically.

It is useful to think of global power today in terms of four levels. First, there is the United States, which is indeed the only superpower with even whithering dominance in virtually every category of power, whether it's military, economic, technological, cultural, diplomatic or what have you.

There are, however, at least two, a significant number of major regional powers. These would include the European Union, meaning basically the German and France condominium in Europe, Russia, China, India, Brazil in Latin America; Israel in the Middle East; Iran in the Persian Gulf; Indonesia in Southeast Asia, and probably South Africa in Africa. And these are powers which don't have the same global sway as the United States, but still like to think that they should exercise influence within their particular region of the world.

There are, thirdly, a large number of sec-



ondary regional powers. And some of them are clearly very important countries, but they have to orient their interests and thinking in terms of their relationship with the major regional powers. These would include the United Kingdom in Europe; Poland, Ukraine, Uzbekistan in the Russian sphere; Pakistan, obviously, Japan, Argentina, var-

ious other countries.

Then at the fourth level, there are everybody else, some of which are important for one reason or another, but don't quite play the same role in shaping global politics.

This four-level structure of global politics

is basically a uni-multi polar world. The United States cannot dictate what goes on all by itself. It needs the cooperation of some of these major regional powers to accomplish anything in world affairs. But, on the other hand, the United States, as the only superpower, is generally able to veto international actions proposed by any coalition of these other major actors.

In this new power structure, a natural antagonism exists between the superpower and the major regional powers. The United States dislikes it, and in large part it does have, a significant interest in every part of

the world. Each of the major regional powers, however, thinks it should be able to shape what goes on in its part of the world and clearly resents U.S. efforts to do that.

There is, however, this third level of actors, what I've called the secondary regional powers. And what are their interests? Well, their basic interest, or at least one underlying basic interest, is not to be dominated by big brother next door, by the major power in their region. And hence, they share an interest in working with the United States against these major regional powers.

One can see the significance of these

algorithms if one looks at the attitudes that governments took towards the launching of the war in Iraq. All of the major regional powers with the notable exception, of course, of Israel, opposed it. Most of the secondary regional powers supported it and some troops to varying degrees. The principal providers of troops to fight in the war included, of course, Britain, but also Poland and Ukraine, who sent relatively large numbers of troops.

Even in the current situation, the United States has not been very successful in achieving its major objectives such as preventing nuclear proliferation. Iran undoubtedly will have nuclear weapons in some point in the next three or four years. It is very natural for any country that considers itself the major power in its region to want nuclear weapons. That's the symbol of your power. Now, I don't think nuclear weapons are going to be used by a state in any war in the future, but it's still a symbol of power. When a major regional power like India gets nuclear weapons, that just empowers Pakistan to go back with what we do and do not know where that it has nuclear weapons, too. So if a major regional power in a region gets it, at least some secondary regional powers are going to want that capability also.

Also, the United States has not been successful in a significant way in the past decade in promoting democratization around the world. It also wasn't successful in bringing meaningful support for the Iraq war, and then there is this much broader feeling of anti-Americanism throughout the world, that the United States is just too powerful and has to be cut down to size.

I think that for the United States to export democracy or free markets to other countries is something to be avoided. We can certainly support the groups in those countries which want to move in that direction, but the idea that we're going to be able to impose our either peculiar view of democracy and of economic liberalism on other countries seems to me to be a very dangerous fallacy.

These factors are at work here as we see efforts to change the structure of global politics from what I have loosely called a uni-multi polar world into a truly multi polar world. That is the way in which inevitably the world is moving, and both the world and the United States will probably be much better off once we get there.

SEX TALK, AGAIN

A documentary explores love and lust through the eyes of—who else—women

C'MON, FESS UP. Everybody's doing it. Well, at least every female body's doing it, pushing back the layers of shame, fear and loathing to expose their most intimate moments to public viewing. Recently, women have been mining experiences of everything from their badies (*The Towler's* Broadway play and book, *The Good Body*), to bad dates (*Army-Cameron's Playing With Matches*, page 32) and environmental affairs (*Do Love, Howie*, and *Romy by Stephanie Genter* and *Adrienne Lugen*). And this Valentine's Day, CBC Newsweek launches *Sex, Truth and Videotape*. The short documentary by award-winning Montreal filmmaker Francine Pelletier features more than 30 women sitting alone, in turn, on a dais-like stage and speaking candidly about their sexuality.

Where—that's a lot of peeing. There's method in this female-centric madness, to be sure. As Pelletier's film ably demonstrates, the genre could be both entertaining and therapeutic. The stories about reaching a orgasm or not, about dealing with celibacy, disability, beauty or obesity, about rape, Internet dating, sex in marriage or outside it, are frequently captivating. As well, there's some benefit to recognizing how varied women's experiences are. Helene, 70, left a loveless marriage and now delights in sex with young men she meets online while Gisele, a very 77-year-old divorcee, announces, "I sure don't ever recall seeing other men in my life—didn't then, didn't now." Or compare Samira, 22 and above, who had sex with older boys when she was 11 to find "appreciated" with a virgin, a pretty sure clerk who, at 23, is still a virgin. Sex workers also have their say about selfies, celebrities, including dancer Margie Glick, comic Sandra Staines and writer Susan Swense. It all creates a sort of regenerative distance that challenges the popular image of Western women as bold, hyper sexualized creatures.

That was, in fact, Pelletier's hope. She set out with the question, "Are women really enjoying a second sexual revolution—filled with whatever they want sexually with no price to pay?" And she tried to answer it in a way that shifts the focus from the visual to women's thoughts and reflections. "We're so busy following people's ratings as asked from the shower," she says, referring to the current reality TV craze, "we think we know what's going on. But in fact, we're in the dark. I wanted to forget the sexy image and

and understanding. As we take Valerie, a self-described sexual predator who says, "I had my own agenda" about sex as a child, at face value? Or, when TV's Mary Walsh confesses that, before she stopped drinking, alcohol allowed her to "see in them?" For us, tell me more. Is sex avoidance a typical feature of alcoholism? Are women more prone to make that connection than men?



just let them talk, really talk."

And they do. Yet talking, as we all know, doesn't always imply thinking, or can reflect incomplete or even delusional thinking. Frequently, it leads down the path of the trivial and anecdotal—which can leave me feeling a little overexposed, and under-stimulated. While so many women's (and men's) sexual experiences are so personal, Pelletier's women are so personal, that the film often feels like a series of 30 minutes, sitting in a bar drinking beer, trying to carry on a conversation. The segments fail to convey the same degree of soul-searching and honesty, and Pelletier is now contemplating a Sex, Truth and Videotape-type project about men. Maybe then they'll actually say something.

Pelletier asks if women really are enjoying a second sexual revolution.

Who knows? Stories are a great—perhaps the only safe—place to start. But don't stop there.

This also has to wonder how we can say anything meaningful about heterosexuality when self-disclosure is so rampant, and disappointingly, female Pelletier, to her credit, includes men in her film—four guys in their 30s and 40s. They appear for about five of the seven 360 minutes, sitting in a bar drinking beer, trying to carry on a conversation. The segments fail to convey the same degree of soul-searching and honesty, and Pelletier is now contemplating a Sex, Truth and Videotape-type project about men. Maybe then they'll actually say something.

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SMALL-TOWNSHTICK

Brent Butt's smart comedy has made *Corner Gas* the most popular sitcom on Canadian TV

IT'S 10 PM, TUESDAY at the Urban Well. Comedy night. The nearly packed Vancouver bar is buzzing. But when the lights at the back of the room go up, all eyes shift to a tiny stage—except for a wooden stool in front of a purple curtain. The show's headliner appears from stage right, acts his rye and Celine on the stool, nods to the crowd and grabs the microphone from its stand. Brent Butt is home.

Before the success of CTV's *Corner Gas* turned Butt into Canada's hottest comic, that was his life: traveling the country, with every cramped club and corporate gig a new stage for his jokes. "Since there was never any heat from hockey scouts, I gave up my dream of playing in ice for the Maple Leafs pretty early," says Butt. "Doing stand-up is what makes the most sense to me. I know what to do in front of a crowd. The rest of the day, I'm never sure where the hell I should be or what I should be doing."

That's why six years ago, Butt and fellow Vancouver comic Jamie Hutchinson started the Urban Well's comedy night. And though the bar is not ideal—dreaded patrons have to cross the stage to get to the washroom—it has become an institution. "Robert Williams calls whenever he's in town and asks if he can do five minutes," says Butt, who moved to Vancouver's trendy Kitsilano area last year, in part to be closer to the club. "I love its informal energy. It's one of the magic places in my life."

Maybe that's because Butt seems to stand taller onstage than his five-foot, nine-inch frame. In fact, the instant he steps in front of the crowd, he comes alive—turning jokes on himself ("I don't do a lot of sex jokes, because they say to do what you know") and jibbing audience members like a playful, but very witty uncle. And unlike most other stand-ups, Butt rarely sweats. "There are people who do incredibly flaky stuff in an original way," says Butt. "Chris Rock is any blur, but

Fast figures stand up in his true motion. I know what he is in front of a crowd."



brilliant. And Richard Pryor was like that. I just don't like using it as a crutch." Besides the applause drowning out his final bit, Butt's fans at the Urban Well don't miss it.

Neither do the million and a half viewers who tune in every week to watch him play guastator popularizer Brent LeRoy on *Corner Gas*. The most-watched sitcom on Canadian TV (centered around the quirky residents of the fictional Prairie town of Dog River), has made life pretty great for the 36-year-old from Tisdale, Sask. (pop. 3,000). He met his fiancée, co-star Nancy Robertson, co-wrote the series, which runs until March 21, has already been renewed for a third season, and he's losing the Best Actor award in Winnipeg in April. His smart style of humor—more observational than slapstick—has struck a chord with a wide-ranging viewership. Theoretically, surprisingly, is the show's largest viewing market, per capita. "People always talk about

his own stand-up for variety shows, played in a couple of bands (*Mean Street* and *Fast Earl*) and wrote and performed in plays," says Kichig. "He was a bit with words—but he only got 57 per cent on my class."

After graduation, Butt studied animation, albeit briefly ("not sure if it was a week, or 10 days"), at Toronto's Sheridan College. He then moved back in with his mom—his dad, who ran the boiler room at a local honey plant, died of a heart attack when Brent was 16—and started working as a drywaller. Soon after, he and a friend decided to try comic book writing and started a publishing company called Windward Graphics. "I've always been fascinated by superheroes," says Butt, whose comic *Existing Earth* was nominated for a Golden Eagle Award—the Oscars for comics. "In the end, we only got two issues out before our \$5,000 bank loan ran out." So in February 1988, he took his material, honed at the local Tisdale coffee shop, to another night at a Saskatoon comedy club. A very Canadian star was born.

Rock Mercer, who co-hosted CTV's first on relief special with Butt last month, still remembers seeing his small-town trick for the first time about a decade ago. "Brent did a Gary Shandling-like monologue about his Laugh and Wile me with a joke about opening a restaurant on the Prairies," says Mercer. "He was going to call it Thump, Reel, and lose the more on his mother's cooking. It was very Newfoundland to me even though it was from Saskatchewan."

That's exactly why Butt thinks *Corner Gas*, filmed in Saskatoon, Sask., attracts an unusual following. (And soon, he hopes, an international audience, despite its very Canadian premise, which include The Tragically Hip and Lloyd Robertson.) "Saskatoon was set in New York but wasn't really about New York," says Butt. "If you lived in New York, you might enjoy the show on a different level, but 96 per cent of the humor

IN 1988 he took his material, honed at the local Tisdale coffee shop, to amateur night at a Saskatoon comedy club

the importance of pushing the envelope with comedy but that's just not me," says Butt. "It's not a very original idea." He's right, his appeal comes more from the fact that people like laughing at life's oddities.

Kathy Kichig remembers the time when he was just a funny teenager who hated Macbeth in her Grade 11 English class. "He wasn't exactly a scholar," laughs Kichig, now 45, who taught at the Tisdale Unit Consociate School when Butt attended in the early '80s. "He had nearly perfect attendance, but never did his homework and rarely handed in assignments." It was clear to the school's staff and student body that Butt was destined to be an entertainer. "He wrote

IN PARIS'S GRAND OLD Musée de l'Homme, near the Eiffel Tower, the flow of international visitors these days is steady. The museum's spotlight exhibition, *Inuit: quand la parole prend forme* (*Inuit: When Words Take Shape*), on display through March 27, offers a glimpse into a world almost unimaginably distant from the French capital: Canada's frozen Arctic. Strife is a world that's a surprising number in France have embraced and studied with care. And it's a world, some of them say, that Canadians are all too prepared to take for granted.

Consider the launch of the exhibit at the Musée de l'Homme was attended by Jacques Chirac, France's president, whose fascination with Aboriginal art took him to Nanaimo with Jean Chrétien in 1999 and has made him the patron of an ambitious new museum

of Aboriginal art from around the world, slated to open in Paris this year. The Inuit exhibit played two years ago in Lyon, where it was a smash hit: 90,000 visitors, with long lineups on weekends. French television, radio and newspaper have given the show's Paris run rapturous coverage.

And the buzz for the whole exhibition at the premier art collection of one Quebec City star, Raymond Brasseaux. His museum, Musée d'art Inuit Brasseaux, has set a few doors away from Quebec City's Château Frontenac hotel since 1999. But even there,

THE WORKS on display are stunning: from intricate miniatures to pieces as large as the artists who made them.

Brasseaux said, more than half of his visitors are European—and fewer than 10 per cent Canadian. "Canadians think they have seen Inuit art," he said. "We've seen outrageous souvenirs at airports. People think that's all there is to see." But Europeans, attracted in other cultures, haven't become jaded by local representations of Canada's Inuit art, so they're more willing to seek out the best.

The works on display in Paris art, in many cases, stemming from intricate miniatures to pieces as large as the artists who made them. Brasseaux points out that Inuit art on this scale could hardly be a more recent cultural development. But hundreds or thousands of years, the Inuit made the tiny and portable artworks of nomadic people—stone and bone miniatures to please the gods, carvings and

jewelry for women, toys for children.

It wasn't until the artist James Houston produced the first commercial exhibit of Inuit art in Montreal in 1949 that a market opened in the South (that is, the parts of Canada where most of us live) for big, permanent works. So Inuit art evolved to meet a modern market opportunity. It's a dialogue between ancient traditions and a modern audience. That's the whole point of the exhibition title, *When Words Take Shape*. The old stories were passed down in a tradition that was timeless until it became concrete.

The words, of course, were spoken in a number of Arctic languages, Inuktitut chief among them. Here, too, Paris enjoys a surprising advance over our own country. At the Institut national des langues et civilisations orientales—France's most prestigious school of international culture and civilization, tucked away in the 7th arrondissement surrounded by antique shops—a Quebec-born woman named Michelle Therrien teaches Inuktitut and Inuit culture to a class of about 30 students.

This French fascination with things Inuit, from the Musée de l'Homme to individual academics, isn't a craze or a fad, Therrien said. "That would be something fleeting, limited in time. No, this is living interest. One with a history and one that remains current." The history, of course, is the history of

French colonization in North America. Even today, long after Quebec and the rest of Canada became British colonies, the link continues. "Quebec is an extremely popular French tourist destination," Therrien said. "There are 18 Canadian studies centres in French universities."

Not the presence of Inuit art feeling or temporary in Paris. On Rue St-Martin, behind the massive Centre Pompidou modern-art

museum, is the tiny Galerie Saint-Mons, a private gallery devoted to Inuit art. Marianne Léves, the gallery's director, often works with Inuktitut, a non-profit association devoted to increasing knowledge of Inuit culture among the French. It was on a trip to Canada in the 1980s that Léves, an artist, and her husband, an architect, discovered Inuit art, she said. "We found it so beautiful and so strong that we had to introduce it to France."

Raymond Brasseaux only wishes Canada could discover, or rediscover, the same passion for the best Inuit art. Of the firm exhibits, what makes him proud is a sequence of sculptures near the end devoted to revealing the styles of individual artists. There's the minimalist and defiantly modern style of Lucy Tasook Tassewotok, 70, from Arviut in Nunavut, who barely modifies the surfaces of heavy pieces of rock to make haunting

figures. There's Marianne Léves, 16 years younger, from Inuktitut in northern Quebec, who creates enigmatic sculptures that sometimes hang by threads of filament from armatures of bone.

"People think Inuit art is like some all dressed puzzle that mixes everything together," Brasseaux said. "That's false. These are individuals. Personalities, with individual styles of expression."



ARCTIC ATTRACTION

From a wildly popular art exhibition to Inuktitut lessons, Inuit culture is all the rage in France

TV | Beyond slavery's stereotypes

First there was *Uncle Remé* (late 19th/early 20th), for better or worse, then Richard Rogers gave put a human face on slavery since the mid-'60s. In 1970s, *Roots*, *Slavery and the Making of America* (CBS, Feb. 11) and *12 Years a Slave* (a movie) turned slavery of the ignorant from a horror story, heralded by *Morgan Freeman*, the perfect down-on-your-knees, no-arms, and headless and other first-hand accounts ascribed to the last 10 years.

In keeping with the first 10 Africans, to get that in *Roots* New Americanism (Gale, 1970) and *Roots* in the 1980s, the documentary forces have an ad hoc system of "Roots" (Gale) revealing Blacks and whites—become entrenched as a race-based institution, and the central motor of the U.S. economy. "Slavery was not a crime in American history," said

James H. Hargrave, one of the 25 featured scholars. "It was the main event." The film also introduces a cast of lesser-known American fighters—wielding domestic slave *John Bell*, who successfully sued his owner (a first) to reveal abolition in Missouri.

Also, *Roots* (Gale), who, for the sake of his children's freedom, spent seven years living in the cramped attic of his grandparents' North Carolina home, and *Roots* (Gale), an escaped slave who led a marauding band of guerrilla fighters in New Jersey during the American revolution, freeing enslaved slaves in the process. The real factors of slavery have never looked so bold. —SUE RODGERS



One to watch | A country singer with the blues

FULL NAME: Justin Rutledge
AGE: 26
OCCUPATION: Singer-songwriter

HOMETOWN: Toronto

MUSICAL STYLE: "I was in a few rock bands in high school and just got sick of shouting. So now I do and country music."

BACKUP PLAN: "I studied English for three years at the University of Toronto. I'd finish that if this music thing doesn't work."

INSTANT IMPRESSION: "Thanking. I took lessons, starting with the blues and then before switching to the clawhammer banjo. That's what introduced me to it."

Appalachian music?"
OUTTA HERO: *Townes Van Zandt*. "He didn't lay around with the typical way of making music."

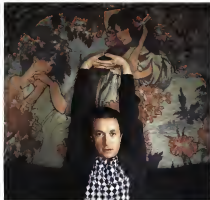
MUSICAL INFLUENCES: "I wrote the CD after getting pretty heavy into *George Jones* and *Gary Puckett* following university."

DRINK OF CHOICE: Junotese Irish whiskey and a pint of Guinness. MASTERS HABIT: "I'm pretty much a chain-smoker. I started when I was 15. It can't be good for my voice. The voice, maybe it helps."

FAVORITE ROOM: The best seat of *Wood*, by *Marshall McLuhan*. "There's something in his prose that's very hard and profound." BEST MUSIC FOR A SAD DAY: *Songs of Love and Hate* by *Leonard Cohen*. "There's an inescapable darkness on it all that you just can't get out of." JOHN INTINI

No more *Marshall McLuhan* and the *Journal of the*. Every week, this is a beautiful emotional debut. The vulnerability of Rutledge's voice, which is sweet but strong, is reminiscent of a young *Jim Carrey*, or *Ryan Adams* without the age. So even though he's in his mid-20s, when Rutledge sings of loss and loneliness, you believe he's lived it. Using 20 minutes (including vocals from *Mary Margaret O'Hara* on *A Letter to Heather*), Rutledge has created a country CD that's simple, yet poetic. —J

THE NEW YORK TIMES: The new rights of slavery on 11 episodes of *The Sopranos* to A.F. for a reported \$500.5 million per episode.



Pauly Shore finishes John Intini's sentences

Of all the 10 years, Pauly Shore is by far the most deserving of a lifetime achievement award. Since peaking in the early '90s with *Let's Tally*, *Pauly Shore*, the LA-based comic has become Hollywood's biggest joke. But he's not, he's selling his notoriety to his advantage, picking fun at himself in *Pauly Shore* is a dead-on DVD—in which he stages his words as people will talk about him. *Shore*, 31, finished *McLuhan's* Assistant *John Intini's* sentences.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO... *Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen*. Everyone used to wait to hear from them and now we all just want to give them a sandwich if we tried to do a sequel to *Drum* (MGM). "He's the only person who would

do it." It replaces *Sex and the City* and *Benjamin Franklin* from the original with *Gorey* *Freeman* and *Carey* *Hain*. IN MY POCKET RIGHT NOW: I have a croquet set over from *Donner* last night. IF I WAS A HAMPER I WOULD CALL MYSELF: *Big Daddy*. IF I LOVED TO BE IN A CELEBRITY BOXING MATCH: With *Mike Tyson*. He just thinks he's tough. If he tried to take my wife, I'd take him to the kitchen. IF I EVER HAD TO STAY BACK IN WITH MY PRESENTS: I'd start by looking them out of the house. I GET (EMBARRASSED) all over my arched eyebrows in a mirror.

FOR MORE "JOHN INTINI'S SENTENCES" VISIT WWW.MAGLANS.COM/PEOPLE

CHER IS FINALLY ENDING her aptly titled *Never Gave Up* *Goodbye*. *Tear* in *April* for those years, 1960s and more than 1,300 castles down.

Books | The glamour of suicide bombing

American scholars *Anna Marie Oliver* and *Paul Shore* spent six years in an ancient library in 1987 and 1988 studying the ancient prophecies of the Palestinian resistance—its graffiti, posters and martyr cards. The final to *Al-Qaeda* Square documents the evolution of the militant tactics from boys blowing up buses to highly engineered suicide bombings. It's an informative and deeply unsettling book, especially in its more detailed of the authors' collections, such as 1988. From what could have been an Arabic language *Mokey Moore Club*—was it not for the lyrics the holy song? It turns into a suicide warrior at *Harlequin*. Oliver and Shore trace the history of the bombing, including financial compensation for families and money made martyr places, complete with black spaces for the (on-board) *Harlequin* *Harlequin*. The word *Harlequin* suggests a *Paul Shore* movement that reason the authors reduce to zero. —SUE RODGERS

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1. <i>THE MAN WHO CODE</i> (SPECIAL)	1. <i>THE MAN WHO CODE</i> (SPECIAL)
2. <i>THE MAN WHO CODE</i> (SPECIAL)	2. <i>THE MAN WHO CODE</i> (SPECIAL)
3. <i>THE MAN WHO CODE</i> (SPECIAL)	3. <i>THE MAN WHO CODE</i> (SPECIAL)
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8. <i>THE MAN WHO CODE</i> (SPECIAL)	8. <i>THE MAN WHO CODE</i> (SPECIAL)
9. <i>THE MAN WHO CODE</i> (SPECIAL)	9. <i>THE MAN WHO CODE</i> (SPECIAL)
10. <i>THE MAN WHO CODE</i> (SPECIAL)	10. <i>THE MAN WHO CODE</i> (SPECIAL)

Non-fiction
1. <i>THE MAN WHO CODE</i> (SPECIAL)
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THE DANNY MILLIONS DEAL

He could have had this agreement before. Instead, he opted for stunts.

THE PROBLEM with asymmetrical federalism is that provincial greed is perfectly symmetrical. It is, always and everywhere, bottomless.

Say hello to Danny Williams. Now that he's flying the Canadian flag again in Newfoundland and Labrador, it's okay to wave it late. That little nostrum had to do with a federal offer to compensate him for losses in equalization as his province earned more revenue from offshore oil.

The federal offer—estimated, as I wrote lastly this magazine a couple of weeks ago, from

a very scared Paul Martin during the warm days of last year's election campaign—was a distortion of the already distorted logic of equalization. Theoretically, as a province's revenues rise and it needs less help, it gets less from Ottawa. But Newfoundland and Labrador are in dire straits, so the feds decided to come up with extra cash.

Williams said Martin hadn't offered enough. He stormed home in a huff. He hauled down Canada's flag from provincial government buildings. He got Newfoundlanders and other Canadians cutting one another all kinds of names. And then, on the evening of Friday, Jan. 26, he reached a new deal with the feds and walked home with a \$2-billion cheque in his metaphorical pocket. (Nova Scotia got its own similar deal, worth not quite half of Williams's.)

So it's a happy country, no?

No. Joe Hindley, premier of the Northwest Territories, promptly told the CBC that whatever Williams had ordered, he would have some too. Newfoundland's in a bad way? Tough. "Ours is a more lively but tougher than ours in Newfoundland," Hindley said, referring to his territory's economy.

Ottawa? "We don't believe at this point now that we should be treated differently than other provinces." Harry Van Melick, Saskatchewan's finance minister, said before the engine in Danny's jet had barely had time to cool. Van Melick's department figured a decade of Danny's deal would have earned Saskatchewan about \$4 billion.



Anyone else? Quebec? You guessed it. The Bloc Québécois finance critic Yves Lussier, his voice hoarse from years of asking for whatever the next guy got, was on his feet in the Commons on Thursday demanding some of Newfoundland's fairness. Never mind that Newfoundlanders see their own sweetheart resource deal as compensation for a 1969 hydro agreement with Quebec that shafts the Rock to the tune of perhaps \$1 billion a year. No, never mind that's yesterday's problem. One article I read puts Quebec's demands at \$3 billion.

Anyone else? Ontario? Ontario? As I read, every one of Confederation's children is another hungry mouth to feed. Ontario is the engine of Canada's economy, Finance Minister Greg Sorbara said. So it should get \$4.8 billion of this year's surplus.

But you know, it's a funny thing. I attend a lot of federal-provincial meetings. And I never heard any of these guys say they found

Danny Williams's demands to be unfair before he walked home with a \$2-billion cash advance. They were greedy in their discipline until they settled cash. Then it was the sharks in a pool of cash. They're practically biting their own tails off.

So that's the other provinces. But we're not done with Danny Williams yet. Why did he boycott last October's meeting on equalization and banish this country's flag from his sight in December? Because he wanted a dollar in compensation for every new dollar in revenue. "Our pride can't be bought," he said in October. "We won't say yes to less."

Well, say yes to less. At that time Williams handed out a chart showing that Ottawa was offering a paltry \$150 million a year for the deal's first eight years. Working above that miserly green line, a red line showed the commanding heights of Newfoundland's projected oil revenues—perhaps \$4.9 billion over the same period. Well, you can see why Newfoundlanders and Labradorians were incensed.

But you know, it's a funny thing. Although his deal may eventually total \$2.6 billion, for now Williams got home with a \$2-billion cheque—which looks a lot like the \$250 million a year he'd been wanting, back in October.

In December, he was furious because the deal would collapse as soon as Newfoundland's revenues took it out of equalization. "Why should we get less than 100 per cent of our revenues after we're equalized?" he asked the CBC. And the magic January deal that has everyone else jealous? Payments under the deal collapse soon after Newfoundland loses equalization.

Danny Williams could have had this deal in October or December. He preferred to pull cheap stunts in return for cheap votes. This is the man in whom Newfoundlanders and Labradorians have put their trust. One wonders why they are celebrating.

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